THE PORTSMOUTH INQUIRER.

PUBLISHED BY G. W. NELSON, LIBERTY, EQUALITY, PROGRESSION. OFFICE ON MARKET STERET

VOLUME VIII PORTSMOUTH, O., FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19, 1855. NUMBER 41

From the Flag of our Union.

THE FORGED CHECK, AND THE STOLEN JEWELS.

BY FRED. HUNTER.

I was passing home from my duties as book-keeper in the counting-house of an importing firm, in New York city, one evening, several years ago, when my steps were suddenly arrested by feeling the pressure of a hand upon my shoulder, as I hurried along. It was in the busy season of the year, and I had been detained out later than customary; and as the passage through which I was hastening homeward, was none of the pleasentest—though afforded a shorter cut to my lodgings than through the more thickly traveled streets above—I was startled, and turning instantly about, I beheld the face of a young man whom I did not recognize at the moment, but whom I subsequently found to be a person with whom I had in previous years been acquainted, somewhat.

'I've been looking for you,' he said, 'and I want your assistance. I am in trouble.'

'Who is it?' I asked.

'Don't you remember Ned Willetts, Barclay?' he said, in a low tone.

I looked at him again, and said:

'Yes, to be sure I do. But what in the world are you doing here in the dark, alone, Ned, at this time of night? And where have you been, these five years back?'

'I'll tell you all about it, Barclay, if you'll give me the opportunity.'

'Where are you stopping?'

'Nowhere. I've been in town since noon only, and must leave very shortly again. I am in trouble, and need aid and advice. Shall I go home with you?'

'Yes, yes—come along,' I replied. And he took my arm as we hastened on together to my rooms. He said little more then, and not until I had become seated with him, in my little parlor, where we were alone, entirely, did he unbosom to me the details of the dilemma he was in.

I remembered Ned Willetts as a fine boy, when we were schoolmates together, and I recollected him as he grew up to manhood, a noble hearted, enterprising young man of thorough probity, honesty and business tact. He went his way, however, at seventeen or eighteen years old, and I went mine; we had not met, I repeat, for some four or five years. He was still a splendid-looking fellow, now about three and twenty years old, and to all appearances, as far as I could judge, had improved in his person and manners alike since I lost sight of him, five years previously.

As soon as the gas was let on in my room, I noticed at once that Ned was excited, and face and eyes showed that he had been without rest for an unusual time, apparently.

'Where do you hail from, Ned?' I asked, at length; and what have you been about? You are in a fog, you say. What has happened?'

'To begin at the beginning, Barclay—though I must be brief, for you will soon see that I am pressed for time—I come from Baltimore, where I have been engaged in book keeping, and was cashier in a large jewelry establishment for three years and more. There was a young lady—'

'Hallo!' I exclaimed; 'a woman at the bottom of it all, eh?'

'Don't stop to interrupt me; you shall see in a few words, as fast as I can come towards it, how it happened,' responded Willetts. And I therefore permitted him to proceed, without farther serious check or queries.

'There was a beautiful girl came into the store some months ago, to make some trifling purchases, and I chanced at the moment to be in the front of the establishment, while one of the clerks waited upon her. I had never been struck with any woman's appearance before in my life, and I should scarcely have noticed her, but for her peculiarly sweet tone of voice which, once heard, you nor I could ever forget, Barclay.'

'Very likely.'

'Well, she went out, and I saw nothing more of her for a week, when she again called at the store. I saw her then, and twice—thrice, I think afterwards—before I spoke with her. The young clerk had learned her name, and took the liberty one day (at my suggestion) to introduce me to her. I was greatly pleased with her fine features and musical voice, and I became better acquainted with the lady after a time.'

'I see; a love affair,' said I.

'Well, wait. I called on her at her father's residence, and at length, after a year's acquaintance, I proposed to marry Cornelia Dufonte—that's her name—and she accepted my offer, with her father's approval. She had no mother, and they boarded at a very convenient and respectable house, near my place of business. I exchanged my lodgings, took a room at Mrs. Redlon's, where they dwelt, and soon became intimate with Mr. Dufonte, of course, who, at the proper time, and when I was ready, was to become my future father-in-law.'

'Yes.'

'I never knew, and never asked what was Dufonte's occupation. I did not know but he had an income that supported the expenses of himself and daughter. I didn't know but he was in some quiet profession or business that afforded him the means; and I am certain Cornelia never knew anything whatever about this, except what her father volunteered to tell her, which was very little. However, I cared as little as I knew about it. My own position was a good one, and I knew that when I got ready to marry his daughter, I should be ready to support her. I never thought anything about Dufonte's business, until, the day before yesterday, I was called upon to witness a scene that has nearly destroyed my life, I assure you, so sudden and awful in its consequences has it turned out!'

'What is it, pray!'

'Well, I went home from the store as usual on Tuesday evening (it is now Friday night,) and found Cornelia in the deepest distress; and you can judge of my consternation, when she informed me that a forgery had just been discovered, in which I was implicated, and certain jewels were missing which I was supposed to be in possession of!'

'Where had you been?' I inquired.

'I had been absent about twenty miles out of town, during the day, and did not calculate, when I left, to return until the following morning. I finished the business that called me off, however, at night, and immediately took the cars for home again. Search had been made for me in the meantime, and those who met Cornelia were injudicious enough to hint their suspicions to her, in regard to me, without once looking into my details. The forgery was committed upon the name of my employers, and the jewels were missing from our store, you perceive.'

'Well, what followed? How were *you* implicated?'

'A portion of the jewels had been found.'

'Where?'

'In my room, where I boarded.'

'Are you the sole occupant of the apartment?'

'Yes; and when I went away, I locked it, and had the key in my pocket!'

'And this forgery, how is it?'

'Curious; like the rest. The check is precisely *ours*, and there are two missing from the back of the check-book.'

'Who has charge of this book?'

'No soul but myself. I alone have access to it, except when it is looked at by my employers, in my presence, as I hold myself accountable for the accuracy of the cash account. I therefore never trust it out of the safe, save when in temporary use.'

'The jewels were found in your locked-up room in your absence, you say?'

'Yes.'

'And you had the key of it?'

'Yes.'

'And when you returned home, and learned what was transpiring, you run away; and here you are, eh?'

'Yes. No, no! not exactly that, tho' I now see that this is a bad feature of the business. I ought not to have left home a moment. I see; it is unfortunate; but really this mistake never occurred to me until this moment. I wish I were safely back again,' continued Ned, very thoughtfully. 'But then I could do nothing there. You see, Barclay, I'll tell you what I tho't,' continued poor Willetts, hurriedly; and then he suddenly stopped, and looking me straight in the eyes, said:

'Of course, Barclay, you don't for a moment harbor the thought that I am guilty of all this mischief?'

'Well, Ned, if I judge you by your antecedents, and my knowledge of your excellent moral character when I knew you years ago, I say *no*, emphatically. But to be candid with you, if you are to be judged by the circumstances of this case by itself, I should say without any hesitation, that, as you have thus far represented yourself, it looks as though you were in a dreadful tight place,' I replied.

'So I am, Barclay. But, as I was about to say, I thought of you instantly; I knew you were in the same sort of position here that I occupied in Baltimore, and I knew we had been friends, and you could and would advise with me. So I hurried on, without any one being made aware of my purpose or route, to confer with you, and see what could be done. For myself, I have no fears whatever, I assure you. But, Barclay, between us, I think *I know who is the real forger and robber!*'

'Possible!' I exclaimed, astonished; 'where is he?'

'In Baltimore.'

'What the deuce are you doing here, then? Why did you not denounce him, and save your own credit?'

'No no, Barclay; wait till you hear all. I am engaged to be married to Cornelia Dufonte, and in a few weeks we intended to have been wedded. You are my friend; the friend of my early years; and you will be discreet, when I tell you I am satisfied that *her father* is the man who has committed these two outrages!'

'What!'

'—sh! Don't breathe too loud. I feel certain of it; and I will tell you how and why I suspect him.'

'Go on, then.'

'When I have been hard pressed with labor, in the busy season of the year, I have sometimes taken my file of cancelled bank checks home, at evening, for examination at my leisure, when the monthly bank account was made up. The old man has frequently assisted me in this work, and thus had the opportunity to ascertain the character and form of our checks. Two months since I missed one of the cancelled blanks; but as it had been paid at the bank, and was of no use, I did not suspect what might have become of it. It was printed in blue ink, and the firm's cypher only was engraved upon the corner. I *now* see how easily it may have been copied and counterfeited, and the signature attached, by a skillful hand. No one but he had the opportunity to do this. Then, as to the robbery, Dufonte had often called to see me, of course, at the store, where he would tarry sometimes an hour at a time. He has chosen his opportunity, I have no doubt, and purloined the jewels. But what renders the transaction the more infamous is the fact (as I believe it to be) that, when this affair has been discovered, he has unquestionably found access to my room in my absence, by means of a false key, and deposited a part of the gems where suspicion must inevitably light on me, to save himself.'

'Well, Ned, your story is a plausible one, God grant you a safe deliverance from your dilemma! But can it be possible that the man who knew you to be engaged in marriage to his daughter, could be so heartless and villainous as this?'

'He is a coward, you see, Barclay. How he has obtained the means hitherto to keep up his apparent respectability, as I have already said, I do not know; but I am now convinced that he is, *sub rosa*, a dishonest man. This fact, (if I am correct,) cannot, ought not to injure Cornelia in my esteem, for she is as guileless as she is affectionate and beautiful. I will vouch for her.'

'What then do you wish to do, Ned?'

'I would avoid an explosion and its consequences, and save him and her, if possible,' said Ned, anxiously. 'For I am sure if my suspicions prove to be correct, Cornelia would die of shame and terror at her father's error and the disgrace that must follow.'

'How can a aid you, then?' I inquired.

'Well, the forged check is for six hundred dollars, and the lost gems are said to be valued, at a venture, to be five hundred more. I have saved something over six hundred dollars out of my salary for the past two years, with which I intend to get married. This happiness I will forego for the present, and I can thus make good the amount of the check. Now, if you will loan me five hundred dollars, I will pay for the lost jewels, arrange the whole thing with my employers, (who are reasonable men,) and to whom I will frankly explain all my suspicions, and thus save him and her, and myself. Will you assist me? I will pay you within the next eight months, on my honor, Barclay.'

I could not withstand this appeal, tho' I had not seen this former friend for nearly five years, and I had no means of knowing that his whole story was not a *ruse* to swindle me out of five hundred dollars neatly! Such things had been done. I lived in New York city, where similar operations were every week as plentiful almost as blackberries in August. But the most important bar to my wish to gratify my friend, was an almost insurmountable one. I hadn't one hundred dollars at that moment in the world, to say nothing of five times that amount! And I said:

'Ned, I appreciate your uncomfortable fix, but I swear to you, I haven't got this money.'

'Can't you get it, Barclay?'

'Well, when?'

'To-night. I must fly hence or return by to-morrow's boat. I can't, must not, *wont* go back to Baltimore unless I can see my way out of this peril before I turn my steps thither! No! never! never!'

'I don't know about this, though, Ned,' I continued, on reflection. 'Come, take a glass of Madeira with me, and see how far you ought to go to save this scoundrel.'

'No; thank you, Barclay. I haven't tasted a drop of wine for seven years. Excuse me; but for Heaven's sake, strain a point and procure me this money. I arrived here this afternoon, and watched for you three long hours, for my only hope is with you. I saw you leave the store, for I would not venture in under the circumstances, lest something might occur to involve me in the future in this affair, and I did not want you to suffer from having been seen in my company.

This honorable and considerate act I could not but value, though it might never have caused me trouble under any circumstances, and I replied quickly:

'Ned, at what hour to-morrow morning do you desire to leave town?'

'At nine o'clock, by the Camden and Amboy line.'

'The money shall be ready,' I said. 'Give me your note on demand for five hundred dollars, with interest, and I will raise the cash for you.'

He quickly drew up the note, tarried with me over night, and I crossed over to Jersey City with him next morning at half past eight, after placing in his hands the money he wanted. Poor Ned, he seemed happy enough when I finally shook his honest hand at parting, with the prospect before him of being able soon to extricate himself and Defonte from present jeopardy.

At Baltimore, very little had yet been said about the trouble. Ned Willetts had been away two days, and the suspicions against him had been increased from his continued absence. Dufonte was sullen and quiet (as usual,) for he was always an uncommunicative man, and nobody tho't of *him* as being privy to this double-dealing; but Willetts returned at last in safety. His first interview, after reaching home, was with Cornelia, whom he satisfied clearly of his entire innocence of the suspicions that existed against him, though it was passing strange to her mind how the jewels could be found within his room, while it was locked up and he had the key, unless he carried them there in some way. As to the forged check, she knew nothing of it. But leaving her, he repaired to his employers at once, where he proposed to lay the whole case open to them, and beg them to accept remuneration for the pecuniary loss, and hush the matter up, under the peculiar circumstances. But he arrived too late!

The forged check had that day been traced out, and Dufonte was directly implicated, greatly to the relief of Ned's employers, who confided in his integrity to the very last moment, notwithstanding the circumstances were so decidedly against him. He laid his plans open to his employers at once, explained to them the delicate position he suddenly found himself placed in, and offered them the money to cover all their loss; but they would not accept it, nor would they think of taking a [illegible] from Willetts at any rate, knowing as they did how ill he could afford to submit to this sacrifice.

Besides this, it was out of their power to enter into any such arrangement without subjecting themselves to the charge of aiding in compounding a felony, since the officers of the law had taken the subject in hand, and were then searching for Dufonte, who had been quietly warned by Willetts that trouble was brewing for him, and unless he could make a bold stand, he had much better be out of the way.

Dufonte was an Englishman, as the event proved, and had married in this country. He was a man without principle, cunning, shrewd and speculative, and he had contrived thus far, by hook or crook, to keep his head above water, and educate his only child, Cornelia, whom he never informed regarding his business or prospects; he was tempted in an unguarded moment to procure the check from Ned's file, and afterwards counterfeited it; and when the opportunity offered him to seize the little box of jewels at Willett's store, he added that wrong to his first serious error. He did not expect to be trapped, but finding himself cornered, he entered the book-keepers room by means of a skeleton key, and left the larger portion of the gems in Willett's bureau (where they were afterwards found,) in the belief that he could manage the ugly affair best, at least, and could better afford to assume the peril that awaited him! We have already seen how Ned, in his generosity of heart, made returns for this contemplated injury. Had it been in his power, he would have saved Dufonte at heavy cost to himself; but this was impossible now.

Returning home again, he sought Cornelia, and found her busily engaged in packing up a trunk of clothing. He instantly urged her to take the earliest means to communicate with her father, if possible, and beseech him to fly without delay. He then explained everything to his affianced, and showed her that this course alone could serve to avoid future disgrace. He placed in her hands three hundred dollars, and bade her pay it over to Dufonte, lest he should lack ready means with which to escape, and he re-assured Cornelia that she should be duly cared for, meantime, and that he would marry her very shortly, thus placing her beyond the reach of present care or harm. Cornelia found her father secretly (as they had agreed upon,) within the next two hours, when she paid him the money and parted with him amid the deepest grief. But there was no other way. The officers were after him, the laws had been grossly violated, and he knew it! He fled to England forthwith, and saved himself and his child the pain and disgrace that must surely have attended his arrest and conviction of his two crimes.

Two months after this, a carriage halted at the door of my lodgings in New York, and there stepped out from it a young gentleman whom I instantly recognized as my friend Ned, who was accompanied by a sweet-looking girl, attired as a fashionable bride. I saw the sequel instantly. He handed her into our house, and presented her to me as his wife. It was Cornelia Dufonte. They had been married three days previously, in Baltimore, and were now on a wedding tour towards Niagara. She was a magnificent woman, truly, and I was not surprised that Ned should have been thus attracted to her. He called me aside, paid me five hundred dollars, and two months' interest; took up his note, and left me a few minutes after, for one of the North River boats; he was then bound to Albany.

The robbery and forgery were finally suffered to be forgotten. Ned informed his employers that there was no doubt the guilty man had left the country, and the pursuit was, at his request, given up. So frankly and candidly had Ned managed the whole affair from the outset, that no injury ever occurred to him personally. His employers abated no jot of their previous unlimited confidence in his honesty, and would never listen a moment to his offer to indemnify them for their loss. They sympathized with him, however, like men and Christians, as they were; and as the amount was trifling in reality to them, and they were thoroughly satisfied that my friend could not have prevented the occurrences under ordinary circumstances, they finally charged the deficits to profit and loss account, and referred to the unfortunate affair no further.

Old Dufonte has never been seen in this country since. Mr. and Mrs. Willetts are now living in a small town in Pennsylvania, contented, happy, and well to do in a pecuniary way. And surrounded by a pretty family of children, they have long since forgotten the temporary trouble that succeeded 'The Forged Check, and the Stolen Jewels.'

PRIDE AND INGRATITUDE.—You may rest upon this as an unfailing truth, that there neither is, nor ever was, any person remarkably ungrateful. Ingratitude overlooks all kindness, and this is because pride makes it carry its head so high. Ingratitude is too base to return a kindness, and too proud to regard it; much like the tops of mountains, barren indeed, but yet lofty; they produce nothing, they yield nothing, they feed nobody, they cloth nobody, yet are high and stately, and look down upon all the world about them. It was ingratitude which put the poignard into Brutus' hand, but it was want of compassion which thrust it into Caesar's heart. Friendship consists properly in mutual officers, and a generous strife in alternate acts of kindness. But he who does a kindness to an ungrateful person, sets his steal to a flint, and sows his seed upon the sand; upon the former he makes no impression, and from the latter finds no production.—*Dr. South.*

TASTE FOR READING.—Sir John Herschel has declared that 'if he were to pray for a taste which should stand him in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to him through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon him, it would be a taste for reading.' Give a man, he affirms, that taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can not fail of making him good and happy; for you bring him in contact with the best society in all ages, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest men who have adorned humanity, making him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all times, and giving him practical proof that the world has been created for him, for his solace, and for his enjoyment.—*London Times.*

One of the Dark Spots in London.

The *Daily News*, in alluding to the lower part of St. Clements as a 'London fever hole,' thus draws the abode of men and women of 'merry England:'

'A track through the heart of a Black Forest, or a pass through the bowels of a mountain in Arabia Petrea could not be more close and dreary. You might walk here in a good stiff hurricane and hardly know it; a summer shower might pass and leave you dry. You are in the region of perpetual shadow, and the women and children who sit and sprawl upon the doorsteps are scarcely less in-doors than when languished in their dark and fetid room; and no wonder, for, according to actual measurement, the courts vary in breadth from six to twelve feet. Here are the holes in which our human fellow-creatures swarm like vermin. According to a report published in the *Daily News* of May 1st, no less than fifty inmates were found to reside in one of the houses in Middle Serle's place, (formerly Little Shire-lane,) and in Shipyard many of the houses are built back to back, entirely preventing thorough ventilation.

'The gentleman who made the examination states that water-butts are kept in under-ground cellars, the walls and flooring of which are continually damp to the touch, and where the water, imbibing the filthy exhalation of the place, acquires a dreadful odor; that the ceilings of some of these cellars are actually below the level of the roadways, so that the inhabitants are obliged to burn candles through the whole day, with the exception of a few hours, and that terrier dogs are kept in many of the houses as a protection against rats. Yet out of these hideous tenements considerable sums of money are drawn every year by letting and subletting. Hideous women, foul and slatternly, loll out of windows, lean against door-posts, overcome with terrible lassitude and indolence, which cannot fail to arise from the influence by which they are surrounded; not impudent and brazen, but oppressed with the hopeless burden of their lives. The children, sullen, dirty and fierce—young tigers, without their beauty or their health—play or fight in the roadways amidst the cabbage-stalks, potato-peelings, oyster shells, and standing puddles. Men are very seldom seen. And over the young and old tower the melancholy house-fronts, shutting out the sky and the breeze, and, black and saturated with the pestilent vapors which are rising unseen around them,

"'Hang their poisons in the sick air.'"

Want of Courage.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making the first effort—and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the brink and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon a publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present, a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates and consults his brother and his uncle, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty years of age—that he has lost much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of his life, at which man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of little violence done to feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.

BEAUTY OF TRUST.—There is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divinest courage, than a young maiden from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambled over every field and moor around her home; when a mother anticipated her wants and smoothed her cares; when brothers and sisters grow from playmates to loving and trusting friends; from summer festivals in bower and garden; from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives; from the secure backgrounds of her childhood and girlhood and maidenhood, looks out into the dark and illuminated future, away from all these; and yet unterrified, undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lovers breast, and whispers, "Dear heart! I cannot see, but I believe. The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust—with thee!"—*Anonymous.*

Interesting Facts upon Eyes and Ears.

The organ of vision is considered the most delicate organization in the human frame; yet, many who have been born blind, have been enabled to see by surgical operations, and the following is an interesting fact concerning one of that class. This youth had become 13 years of age, when his eyes were touched by the surgeon. He thought scarlet the most beautiful color, black was painful. He fancied every object touched him; and he could not distinguish by sight what he perfectly well knew by feeling, for instance, the cat and dog. When his second eye was touched, he remarked that the objects were not so large in appearance to this, as to the one opened at first. Pictures he considered only parti-colored surfaces, and a miniature absolutely astonished him, seeming to him like putting a bushel into a pint.

Stanley, the organist, and many blind musicians, have been the best performers of their time; and a schoolmistress in England could discover that two boys were playing in a distant corner of the room, instead of studying—although a person using his eyes could not detect the slightest sound. Professor Sanderson, who was blind, could in a few moments, tell how many persons were in a mixed company, and of each sex. A blind French lady could dance in figure dances, sew and thread her own needle. A blind man in Derbyshire, England, has actually been a surveyor and planner of roads, his ear guiding him as to distance as accurately as the eye to others; and the late Justice Fielding, who was blind, on walking into a room, for the first time, after speaking a few words, said, "This room is about twenty-two feet long, eighteen feet wide, and twelve high," all of which was revealed to him with accuracy through the medium of his ear. Verily: "We are mysteriously and wonderfully made."

AMERICAN HURRY.—We spoil every thing by hurry, whether it be the dinner that we devour without quiet digestion, or the land that we exhaust by impatient tillage, or the health and strength that we waste in our haste to be rich, or in the mind and heart that we fret and fever away by the constant round of excitement. In the opinion of some medical men, we are wearing ourselves out as a nation, by our hurry and intensity—too eager to get a living to be willing to stop to live. The statistics of insanity show an alarming increase of that fearful scourge, and ten thousand pale and anxious faces are writing their sad commentary upon our temper and habits. I am not fond of croaking, and believe on principle in the power of a cheerful heart. Precisely because of this power, I insist upon the need of a more tranquil faith, and more peaceful and steadfast method. We may all rejoice in the prosperity of our country—in the vastness of our domain—in the numbers and intelligence of our people, and nevertheless remember that we are but human, and are exposed to all the perils that have been the wreck of nations in the old world. Whether for a nation or for an individual soul, true progress is to be measured by the character formed, not by the distance traveled.—*Osgood's Milestones.*

First Step to Ruin.

"My first step to ruin," exclaimed a wretched youth, as he tossed from side to side on his straw bed in one corner of his prison-house, was going fishing on the Sabbath. I knew it was wrong; my mother taught me better; my Bible taught me better; but I would heed none of them. I did not think it would ever come to this! I am undone! I am lost!'

What a warning is contained in the above lines, to Sabbath breakers! The wanton desecrations of that holy day, may be looked upon as a light thing, by a thoughtless and frivolous man; but this is not so. God, in his Word and in his Providence, makes it a very serious matter. It is more corrupting to the heart than many suppose. It seems to lead directly away from God; and consequently to crime, with a strange facility! Just watch the course of the *habitual* sabbath scorner, and you will most likely see him come to some bad end—perhaps he becomes an infidel, and says in his heart, 'There is no God!' Beware of 'the first step to ruin!'

EDITORIAL WRITING.—Any one who has had to do with the press is aware that articles in newspapers are of two kinds, namely, those which are written *for a purpose* not avowed, and those which are written spontaneously, from the impulse and convictions of the writer's own mind. And any one who has written articles of both descriptions is aware, further, that a man who is writing with perfect sincerity, writing with a pure desire to move, interest, or convince, writes *better* than when the necessities of his vocation compel him to *grind the axe* for a party or an individual. There is more or less of axe-grinding done in every newspaper office in the world; and a perfectly independent newspaper never existed. But when a man writes [illegible] perfect freedom, then, and only then, he writes his *best.*—*Life of Horace Greeley.*

WOMAN'S CO-OPERATION.—No man could have written such a work as Mrs. Stowe's. England's palaces would never have opened to any man as they did to her; and why not? Because there was a demand for the co-operation of women in the great work of emancipation. Every department of earthly labor is a standing testimony against man's doing the work of the world well when he does it alone. Until woman's reason and sympathy are aroused to co-work with her brother in every effort for the well-being of the race, never will the relation of brotherhood prevail, nor that of master and servant cease.—*Rev. Antoinette Brown.*